Rymer (J.)

TRANSPLANTATION:

OR,

POOR CROCUS

PLUCKT UP BY THE ROOT;

I am very much afraid, that in this World, things will come to ſuch a Paſs, as to have no other Option, than being either Hammer or Anvil. Happy he who gets clear of this Alternative!

VOLTAIRE.

LONDON:

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MDCC LXXIX.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE HONOURABLE, THE

COMMISSIONERS OF THE NAVY.

HONOURABLE GENTLEMEN,

IF I had not dedicated theſe pages to you, the omiſſion would have indicated diſreſpect and a ſpecies of contempt, on one hand; and, on the other, a conſciouſneſs of guilt, unmanly timidity, and ſenſe of ſhame.

Indulge me, Gentlemen, ſo far as to grant, when a man in public life, liable to martial law, feels himſelf injured—when, under this circumſtance, he is out of the line of being redreſſed by a court-martial, may he not have a right to make his caſe known to the world? and, thus, by opening his mind to men of ſenſe, of candour and liberality, enjoy peculiar conſolation.

The Navy of Great Britain, in the aggregate, is eſtabliſhed upon too glorious a ſyſtem to admit of deſpotiſm: and, it would be

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be inſulting the beſt of all poſſible governments, to ſuppoſe, that the hiſtory of oppreſſive actions, ſhould be concealed.

If, by publiſhing this caſe, I ſhall be ſo unfortunate as to leſſen myſelf in the eſteem of thoſe who wiſh me well; if I ſhall be ſo compleatly unhappy, as to incur the diſpleaſure of my very beſt Friend, give me leave, Gentlemen, to obſerve, I ſhall have then ſacrificed all pecuniary, all mercenary views, in ſupport of my honour, of my principles, and of that name which every honeſt man wiſhes to acquire, and ſtudies to preſerve, as a member of ſociety.

Some may ſuppoſe this doctrine to be the reſult of *pride*. Let me aſk, of what kind of pride? Is it the pride of diſguſting ſelf-importance?, Or, is it the pride of virtue! that pride which dignifies mortality, ſupports the balance of moral rectitude and juſtice, and elevates man above every mean thought, every ignoble action!

Perchance, Gentlemen, I may have unguardedly made uſe of ſome diſreſpectful expreſſion,

expreſſion, ſome offenſive reflection. I truſt, it will be attributed, not to deſign, but, to the weakneſs of human nature.—Gratitude, and my own diſpoſition, equally forbid, ſuch baſe conduct.

I am,

Honourable Gentlemen,

with great Reſpect,

your obliged,

and moſt obedient Servant,

JAMES RYMER.

5 JY 62

TRANSPLANTATION: &c.

WHENCE ſprung oppreſſion and tyranny?— From bullies, blackguards, and dirty fellows—that is, from cowardice, from covetouſneſs, from vicious ambition and defiance of the commonalty, in the great; and, from ſuperſtitious ignorance, want of ſtrength, ignoble infatuation and puſilanimity of ſoul, in the people.

Would it not be extreme folly if a ſlave ſhould take it into his head to oppreſs and lord it over his powerful maſter? On the other hand, would it not be glorious if all the ſlaves in the world aſſembled and united themſelves under the ſtandard of rational liberty to extirpate all their oppreſſive maſters?—☞ I pity the poor black boys in America and the Weſt Indies!

God Almighty never intended there ſhould be tyrants; he never intended there ſhould be oppreſſors—he has told us ſo—it is engraven upon our hearts. The omniſcient Being created us all, *black* and *white*, to be happy in ſociety, by

reciprocal and mutual dependence upon one another; and has ordered that this ſyſtem ſhould be eſtabliſhed and governed by wiſe and juſt laws —☞ that vice ſhould be puniſhed and virtue rewarded.

I am ſorry, my friends, I ever ſhould have had occaſion to ſtand up for the conſtitutional rights of men in defence of my own cauſe: and I hope the ſentiments I may deliver will appear to proceed from what they really do, a liberal and honeſt principle, totally unconnected with malice and ſpleen.

A ſon of Liberty, with ſome degree of ſpirit and genius, be he ever ſo poor, ever ſo ragged, and void of intereſt; be he ever ſo prudent and cautious, will never ſneakingly ſwallow an oppreſſive inſult.—☞ I wiſh I had abilities to tell the world, how heartily I deſpiſe a *dirty* fellow inveſted with power.

I am well aware how delicate, how uncommon a thing it is for a poor devil of a Surgeon to *dare* to remonſtrate for redreſs, againſt any injury he may have received from one in ſo high a rank, ſo diſtinguiſhed a poſt, as that of Admiral and Commander in chief: but, on the other hand, I am clear in it, that when a man's bread is taken from him, at the riſk of his character, he

he has but little elſe dear to him in life to loſe? —☞ Pray, if an armed, brutal Maſter puts himſelf into an attitude of violence, and threatens to knock down his ſervant, would the ſervant be adjudged guilty of felony, by placing himſelf in a poſture of ſelf-defence?

Notwithſtanding this reaſoning, one evening, reflecting upon the conſequences which might enſue, I had reſolved, inſtead of writing my caſe, to treat my enemy with all the majeſty of ſilent contempt—accordingly I went to bed, like a ſpiritleſs, puritanical wretch, reconciled to oppreſſion. But, as deſtiny would have it, in the night, when ſilence reigned, when the ſenſes were all lockt up, and the extremities laying like ſtupid ſots—the empreſs of the body, being free from all other buſineſs, with great ire, mounted her medullary throne, to hold council. Having ſeized and flouriſhed *a little waggiſh idea*, by way of ſceptre, ſhe ſwore by Ariſtotle, by Pythagoras, by the doctors of the Sorbonne and by all the doctors and doctrines of metaphyſics, that ſhe would ſooner riſk ſudden tranſmigration into ſow or jackaſs than bow ignominiouſly to ſuch an inſult to common ſenſe and juſtice—ſuch an indignity to herſelf, to her lean habitation, and to all the prerogatives of her nature.———

What!

What! ſaid ſhe, to her peers and commons, ——the faculties and ideas ſitting around—What!—Is not my eſſence as pure and homogeneous as that of any Admiral, which ever did, may, ſhall, or will ☞ eternize his name by dying for his country?—Its origin and figure, as heavenly, as god-like!—'Tis a ſoul like Cato's, like Cæſar's! ☞ Cæſar's and Cato's, by the by, were juſt like every common ſoldier's —Whereupon it was reſolved, *nem. con.* that this caſe ſhould be written and tranſmitted to poſterity.

I ſhall trouble my readers with a ſhort ſketch of my hiſtory, ſo far as may relate to the preſent caſe; in order the judicious may diſcover, whether laws and articles of war—theſe guardians of our rights and privileges—can poſſibly be perfect, when it becomes neceſſary to modify them by cuſtom.—☞ Every man acting in an uſeful employment, whether in civil or military capacity, muſt, conſequently act by authority; and this authority implies protection: wherefore, while the perſon acts in character, by conforming to, and diſcharging the duties of his poſt or office, would it be right, would it be generous to ſupplant him?

My father, a twig of that tree which produced one RYMER, who wrote a great and voluminous

luminous work, called *Fœdera*, *&c.* departed this life when I was very young. My mother had none but me: ſhe loved me with the natural tenderneſs of a fond parent—and devoted all ſhe could ſpare to educate me in the beſt manner her ſmall finances would admit. As ſoon as it was thought I could conſtrue Latin tolerably well, ſhe put me an apprentice to a ſurgeon and apothecary. When I had ſerved my time, my mother ſent me to the univerſity of Edinburgh; where I attended lectures on ſeveral branches of the medical ſcience. In the year 1770 I went to London, and was examined at Surgeon's hall. The Commiſſioners of the Navy appointed me ſurgeon's mate of his Majeſty's ſhip the Montreal. We ſailed from Spithead and went to Gibraltar, to Minorca, to Genoa, to Leghorn, to Smyrna. From Smyrna we went to Milo, to Minorca, and to Gibraltar again. After theſe voyages we went to Cadiz, and took on board dollars for England. That ſervice being performed, we returned to our central ſtation, the bay of Gibraltar.

A ſecond time we ſailed to Italy; and on our return from Leghorn, put into Villafranca; where we found rear admiral Sir Peter Denis in the Trident, then commander in chief in the Mediterranean. Having been recommended to Sir Peter, I was, by his order, diſcharged from the

the Montreal into the Trident; where, of courſe, I was in the line of preferment.

In the Trident we went to Naples, to Baja, to Genoa, to Minorca, to Algiers and Gibraltar; where Sir Peter was ſucceeded in his command of three years, by admiral Mann, in the Medway.

We ſailed for England, and arrived at Spithead; where Sir Peter's flag was ſtruck, and the ſhip ordered round to Chatham, to be paid off.

No vacancy happened in the fleet for my promotion; ſo that Sir Peter had it not in his power to ſerve me. He aſſured me, however, I might rely upon his friendſhip.

At this time, I publiſhed a Treatiſe on Diſeaſes, price 3s. ſold by Mr. *J. Donaldſon, Strand.* This book is not known; becauſe, in plain terms, I could not afford to advertiſe it. Without vanity or prepoſſeſſion, as critic of my own work, I venture to ſay, it contains a rational doctrine. Whoever chuſes to buy a copy of it, will oblige the author. It was wrote at the age of twenty one; and, I truſt the candid mind will treat it with liberality.

It being profound peace, and no proſpect of preferment at home, an old ſhipmate, lieutenant John Hutchins of the royal navy, (who was killed on board the Grafton, in the engagement between our fleet and the French, under M. D'Eſtaing) got the command of a Weſt India-man. He met me one day in town, and ſaid, "meſs-mate, take a trip with me to the Weſt In-"dies."—With all my heart, I replied.—We went to Nevis, and returned in Auguſt 1775.

In this place, my honeſt friend, can Rymer ſuppreſs a tributary tear? Thou brave, thou generous ſoul!—Sacred be thy memory!

While at Nevis, I drew up a ſhort account of that iſland, and its diſeaſes, which is publiſhed, and ſold by Mr. *T. Evans*, *Pater-Noſter-Row*, price one ſhilling.

The ſame winter I publiſhed an Eſſay on Medical Education. If ſome of its chapters appear ludicrous, they will, at leaſt, imply, that the author is very little tainted with the *pompoſity* of ſcholaſtic conſequence, and ambiguous reaſoning. It was dedicated to an amiable and good man, the deceaſed Sir John Chetwode.

If collective virtue in its moſt ample ſenſe—the feeling heart, genuine humanity, benevolence, chriſtian piety, the affectionate, the indulgent huſband,

husband, the tender father—if these laudable principles deserve imitation, gratitude leads me to say they were the characteristics of my very generous friend—whose memory will be ever dear to me.

In December 1775, I waited upon Sir Peter Denis, at his house, Maize-Hill, Greenwich, who received me with frankness, and went that very day to town. He got me a surgeon's warrant, appointing me to the Hazard Sloop, then at Portsmouth. I did not remain long in the Hazard; I got a warrant about a week after, for the Surprize of 28 guns, commanded by captain Robert Linzee. We sailed from Plymouth, in March 1776, with part of the 29th regiment, for the succour of Quebec, then invested by the Americans. On our voyage we had gales of wind, common to the season, and prevalent in extensive oceans; especially in such latitudes. We were froze up in the gulph of St. Lawrence fourteen days, when the ice broke and separated; and we arrived at Quebec, the first ship, on the 5th or 6th of May—a very agreeable surprise to the besieged. From Quebec we went to St. John's, Newfoundland, as one of the squadron under admiral Montagu.

About this time, we began to be sickly. A putrid fever, similar to the jail distemper, made it's appearance. The nature of the service requiring

quiring us to be conſtantly cruiſing on the banks in a warm and foggy atmoſphere, confirmed the diſeaſe. It raged with violence and carried off many of the people. My mate was alſo attacked with it, and very narrowly eſcaped. In this melancholy ſtate we arrived at Spithead, in November, 1776, with a convoy of Fiſh-ſhips from St. John's. We had been but a day or two in port, when orders came to proceed to the weſtward on a cruiſe. Preparation was made for ſailing; and the ſick, to the amount of about forty or fifty, were ſent to the hoſpital. A conſultation was held relative to our ſickly condition; and I thought it my duty to write a letter, on his Majeſty's ſervice, to Capt. Linzee, repreſenting the nature and conſequences of the diſeaſe and the contagious ſtate of the ſhip. He tranſmitted my letter to the admiral; and ſhortly after, orders came to diſmantle the ſhip and to make uſe of the neceſſary means to deſtroy the infection.

About this time, there appeared a pamphlet, called the Chapters by Nauticus.

My own health having ſuffered, I petitioned the navy board to indulge me with a home ſtation. The commiſſioners were ſo good as to grant my requeſt; and appointed me to the Alderney Sloop, ſtationed at Yarmouth, in Norfolk.

While ſurgeon of this ſhip, I publiſhed a Sketch of Yarmouth, price 6d. Thoſe who have occaſion to viſit that healthy and agreeable place, for the re-eſtabliſhment of the conſtitution by ſea-bathing, by a pure and ſalubrious atmoſphere, and by the happy effects reſulting to the body, from the mind being pleaſantly entertained by the various ſea proſpects and other views, may purchaſe a copy of the above Sketch.

In 1778, I publiſhed one volume of Remarks on the Earl of Cheſterfield's Letters—ſold by *T. Evans.*

Having acquired the good wiſhes and friendſhip of a worthy gentleman in London, he got me removed from the Alderney to the Conq——dor in 1778. This ſhip lays at the N——re, for the reception and diſtribution of impreſſed men and volunteers for the fleet.

When I arrived at Sh——neſs, with Billy and my faithful dog, I found ſhe was a flag-ſhip—☞ C——bell! in whom goodly virtues reſide ——Brave, gentle, generous, humane; it was thine—like the emblem of thyſelf, it was white —untarniſhed by iniquity, unſpotted by oppreſſion! To thee diſtreſs found eaſy acceſs—from thee the widow's heart went chearily away—under thee ſlavery was freedom, labour amuſement.

ment.—In uſeful ſcience, not the laſt—Philoſophy is thine and mathematics.

Having got the Conq——dor, then commanded by Samuel Th——ſon, Eſq; I remained in her with peace and contentment, notwithſtanding the fatigue and neceſſary confinement in a ſhip upon ſuch ſervice, 'till the following ſneaking proceeding took place.

There is an admirable and ludicrous figure in Hogarth's Gin Lane. Now, juſt by way of creating an idea in the ſenſorium of my readers, ☞ give me leave, gentlemen, to introduce to you Sam. Gripe, Eſq.

Heavens! what a contraſt—the one was all gentleneſs, all benignity—and nature withal, as Yorick ſays, had ſtampt *gentleman* upon him in ſuch pleaſing characters, it was impoſſible to ſee and not admire him!

Admiral C——ll going to ſea in the Victory, there was an interregnum— ☞ By and by came an A——l R——m, *alias Wod——m!*—damme, Sir!

You muſt know, in April laſt, I was in town upon leave, ſomebody publiſhed a very harmleſs pamphlet, ſtiled Lucubrations, &c. I procured a copy and ſent it by poſt to *Flag*; thinking,

thinking, as it was a novel production, it would, at leaſt, be civilly received. It proved very differently—☞ the poſtage came to two ſhillings; and *Lancet* was conceived to be author.

Now, as the devil would have it, Flag has a phyſical antipathy to a man of letters and ſpeculation: a gentleman, a friend, told me ſo—and from that moment, it ſeems, he reſolved to have me ſuperſeded. Accordingly, about the end of July the attack began—an attack, diſgraceful to all the principles of refined war—unbecoming the liberal mind—derogatory to that honour which every good man poſſeſſes—injurious to the rights and liberties of Britons, and dangerous in manner and conſequence to a whole claſs of uſeful men, his Majeſty's naval ſurgeons.

On the 28th of July, Mr. M——s, the maſter, being on ſhore, was deſired to (pump and ſlyly) aſk Lancet whether he would not accept of a larger ſhip—if he did, that the A———l would get him one. The propoſition alarmed me; and Lancet replied, you may tell the A——— l, that Lancet thanks God, he has no occaſion to ſolicit any favour of that nature from him. If the A———l means, thereby to ſerve Lancet, thanks are due; but as Lancet is very happy in the Conq——dor, and his income

equal

equal to that of a 74, he will, by no means, quit her, but by force.

If any one of you, my friends, poſſeſs and hold a houſe by legal warrant, which you prefer to all the houſes in the world, what would you ſay, what would you think, how would you feel, if, by the authority of cuſtom and collateral power you were driven from your houſe, from your deareſt connections?—How would you be diſpoſed to act, if you were not only compelled to leave your houſe, but alſo to relinquiſh all you have to truſt to in the world—an annual income of 150l. and be obliged, at laſt, to go to the Eaſt or Weſt Indies, the coaſt of Guinea, to earn the ſame, or perhaps a leſs ſum? As an affair of choice, a man might readily go to New Guinea or Spitzbergen; but in ſuch a caſe as this is, 'tis enough to cauſe a poor fellow to fret 'till his very guts are thread-bare!

Can there be greater cauſe for revolt, for rebellion, for ſubverſion of all order and ſubordination, than ſuch flagrant arts of injuſtice and oppreſſion? ☞ May the devil take me the moment I become a traitor!

Is this encouragement for nine tedious and melancholy years of faithful ſervice?—Nine years

the

the moſt precious of a man's life—between the age of twenty and thirty—ſecluded on ſhip-board, O Nature, from all thy fair ſcenes, all thy goodly bleſſings!

But, indeed, if ignorance, ſelf-ſufficiency, low pride, ignoble jealouſy, arrogance and inſolence, and contempt of inferiors; meanneſs, whoſe very deſcription might tarniſh an honeſt man's pen—if theſe negations of virtue—and litigiouſneſs, in its moſt abject modification, combine to form a character—☞ what the d—l can be expected?—Let Lancet reſume his narration

A day or two after this propoſal had been made, Mr. Ph-l-pps, Lieutenant of Marines, Lancet's dear friend and meſs-mate, an amiable and ſenſible young officer, whoſe principles recoil at every oppreſſive act, happened to be at Sh——neſs, in company with this A———l's Secretary. The Secretary ſaid, pray Mr. Ph--l pps, if you was Ry——r, would you not comply with an A———l's requeſt in ſuch a caſe?—Mr. Ph-l-pps replied, "I would not"—Oh! rejoined Secretary, the A———l won't put it upon a footing of choice—he will write to the Board for his own ſurgeon to ſuperſede Ry——r—and then Lancet may go where he he pleaſes; ☞ to the devil, for what Flag cares.

The

The ſurgeon of the M—lb—gh had been with Mr. R. when he commanded a guardſhip. The A——l writes to the Board, requeſting they would appoint the above ſurgeon; which, in the phraſeology of ſuch an A——l, is, "my own ſurgeon," to the Conq——dor; and Ry——r (whether he would or could) to the M—lb—gh. The Commiſſioners granted his requeſt. Cuſtom, that fiend and nurſe of oppreſſion in free countries, by precedent, authoriſed theſe honourable gentlemen to comply with this ſaid A——l's requeſt: and a warrant came down to the Clerk of the Cheque's Office at Sh——neſs, appointing me to the M—lb—gh. The M—lb—gh was at this time in the greateſt hurry for ſea, to join the grand Fleet; and the Conq——dor was full of men. Now, if it had been a change effected by mutual volition, it would have proved abſurd and ridiculous in either of us, to have attempted to quit our ſhips at ſuch a conjuncture—neither, I apprehend, would the Captain have ſuffered me to go.

That is not all. I beg leave to mention, that during great part of the very hot ſummer, I had no mates to aſſiſt me—they being both at ſick quarters—the ſhip full of men, to the number of about 1000 above the compliment, and the ſervice requiring me to be for ever on board, breathing

breathing a very unhealthy air in the cockpit, &c. I found myſelf in a ſtate of univerſal relaxation with loſs of appetite, and tendency to intermittent fever, which obliged me to take bark, &c. I therefore took the liberty to write to the navy board, that the ſtate of my health obliged me to decline taking the Warrant for the M—lb—gh—and requeſted the indulgence of the commiſſioners. Lancet learned, that cuſtom has made it a rule to oblige A——ls with their own—degrading phraſe—ſurgeons and maſters. Now, here, Lancet ſays, and agrees, that all admirals, *recently* appointed to *active* commands, ſhould be indulged with any ſurgeon, or any maſter; nay, they ſhould have their own captains, their own lieutenants, their own ever body.

But, how different, how paradoxical is Lancet's caſe! He had ſerved under A——l—R——m fifteen months, and conceived himſelf to be upon good terms with him—never dreaming, that after ſo long a period, he would have taken ſuch a ſtep.

Beſides, if what's-his-name had been ordered to ſea with a command—had he been going to execute a chimerical thought—that if a certain perſon had been commanding officer by ſea, the American rebellion would long ere now have been

been extinguiſhed—☞The ſame rebellion ſtill exiſts: able officers have done what they did—all for the beſt—it is never too late to undertake great exploits—and I wiſh the certain perſon had abilities equal to the taſk; but, alas! Lancet fears it never was in his brains ☞ nor his breeches———

———As to taking a peaceable fort of 6 guns, badly mounted, and worſe ſerved by a garriſon of 500 aſſes, and burning 30 bits of veſſels and boats—whoſe crews had run for it—and taking a *footy* privateer ill prepared, great applauſe is due:—but, as to fighting, in one line of battle ſhip, eight ſail of the enemy, viz. one of 84 guns; two of 74; two of 64; two of 36; and, one of 40—from nine in the morning till nine at night, (when he was taken) and all this ſometimes within piſtol ſhot—Lancet confeſſes it ſtaggers one's reaſon. To the miracles of the Pentateuch faith is due—human reaſon in ſuch caſes is a mere blockhead; but concerning all matters, phyſical and comprehenſible, inveſtigation and probability will ſoon diſcover truth.—☞ This is all digreſſion———

———Lancet ſays, if Flag had been going under a courſe of phyſic, and doubted Lancet's profeſſional abilities—if he had but wrote, or cauſed to be written, a few lines, inſtead of ſend-

ing off an underhand meſſage, one would have thought leſs of one's ſuperſeſſion.

As to the firſt conditional, it is well known the Con—dor will never go to ſea as a flag ſhip neither will a certain perſon be ordered to ſubjugate the rebels in America. As to the ſecond, Lancet ſays nothing; and as to the third, the common principles of civility and politeneſs between man and man will reply.

If Lancet had but received half a line on the margin of an old letter, * it would have been at leaſt one ſolitary ſoft ſhade on this unchriſtian like painting.

There is no cure for the pride and inſolence of power, more eligible than public contempt. If Lancet was thought unworthy of notice, if his written remonſtrances were treated with *hauteur* and diſdain, he will juſt obſerve, that he has

* Rendered ridiculous by ſending orders upon little tatter'd, jagg'd wipe-my-a-ſe bits of paper---as thus

K—g's Service.

You will deſire *ſo and ſo* to look out for a diſh of fiſh—you will admit theſe women—you will accommodate my t—y—r in ſelling ſlops at payment of bounty—you will deſire purſer to be particular in ſending good rumps of beef—you will rate John Noakes mate, and Tom Styles midſhipman.

correſponded with men of ſenſe, of rank, of honour and virtue, whoſe ſociety Flag is unworthy of.

When a man is allowed twenty ſhillings per diem for the ſupport of his table, one would think he ſhould at leaſt invite a poor fellow to a dinner now and then—☞Lancet never dines with any man for the ſake of mumping and gulping—it is a favor done to his hoſt.——I am a ſinner this moment if he took any more notice of the officers, where his flag ☞ the king's flag—is flying, in this ſenſe, than the black prince of *Anamaboo*.

Here it may be obſerved he lives conſtantly on ſhore; conſequently it matters not to him, who is ſurgeon or who is cook: wherefore, does not Lancet's ſupplantation indicate malice aforethought?

It requires little knowledge of the human heart, and leſs logic, to diſcover that Flag had not the moſt diſtant idea of putting more money into Lancet's purſe, by the propoſition to exchange.

Flag was apprehenſive of Lancet, becauſe Lancet was a ſcribbler.

Flag

Flag wanted his own ſon of Eſculapius: *Ergo*, Flag had no farther conſideration for Lancet, than to get him removed as ſoon as poſſible from under his adminiſtration.

Lancet can lay his hand upon his breaſt and ſay—he never offended the moſt apparently inſignificant of God's creatutes: ☞ on the contrary, he ſwears by god-like pity and Britiſh humanity, that, was he a powerful member of legiſlation, he would conſtitute an Act of Parliament, compelling all owners of dogs, thoſe animals more faithful to man than his own *ſpecies*, under penalty to have their names and places of abode fixed round their necks; in order, if they are picked up in a loſt ſtate, they might be ſent, at public expence, to their reſpective maſters.—☞ What can excite the pity of a man of feeling more, than to ſee a poor dumb ſoul of a dog creeping about the ſtreets with tail-ſtruck humility, ſnuffing about, here and there and every where, to catch the extatic ſcent of his idulgent, his *ſorrowing* maſter?

If what he has and ſhall advance, may appear to ariſe from inſolence and diſreſpect, he hopes, upon cool and candid reflection, it will prove to be a haſty and ungenerous hypotheſis. Apparent inſolence and diſreſpect in Lancet's caſe

caſe, may it pleaſe your honours, are ☞ Virtues—Britiſh Virtues!

Is it virtue in a powerful man, to diſtreſs his paſſive fellow creature? Is it criminal and vicious in the injured perſon, to publiſh his caſe to a generous nation—to Britons! his fellow-ſubjects?

In this place, it may be aſked, "What is *virtue?* Doing good to others. How can I give the name of virtue to any one, but to him who does me good? I am in want, you relieve me; I am in danger, you come to my aſſiſtance; I have been deceived, you tell me the truth; I am ill uſed, you comfort me; I am ignorant, you inſtruct me: I muſt then ſay you are virtuous."

"If a man reconciles families, and relieves the indigent, he is virtuous: if he prays and faſts, he may be a ſaint. Virtue, among men, is a mutual exchange of kindneſſes; and whoever declines ſuch exchanges, ought not to be reckoned a member of ſociety." VOLTAIRE.

This man is an able miniſter; the other man is an able general; that man is a learned and pious biſhop; and a fourth is a famous lawyer. I am in diſtreſs—I apply to theſe great men for relief—not one of them will give me a ſingle farthing,

thing. Can I call theſe men good and virtuous? No! then, what ſignify their public abilities to me? Not a ruſh! They are all in purſuit of their own intereſt from ſelf-love.

Lancet wrote two letters to Flag upon the occaſion, expreſſing his ſentiments with ſome degree of warmth and ſpirit.

Flag, in a letter to the Captain, ſaid, in words to this ſenſe—I have received two letters from Lancet: the firſt I paſſed over—the ſecond is too much for an officer to bear. I have ſent them both to the Navy Board—and wantonly added—I pity the poor man, as he muſt be out of his ſenſes—A fine mark of pity, truly—to ſend my letters to the Commiſſioners of the Navy—with a view they might finally take away my bread, by giving me no future employment! —What cognizance could a public Board take of private letters? It was morally out of the courſe of ſervice.

Well, when Lancet's good friend had read this learned and chriſtian paragraph to him, Lancet juſt remarked, that as Flag conceives Lancet to be out of his ſenſes, Lancet would be curious to know, when Flag wrote ſuch an illiberal thought, whether he was geometrically, logically, and metaphyſically *in* his ſenſes. For

Lancet's

Lancet's own part, he apprehends it to be rather a puzzling job for a man to jump *out* of his ſenſes, ſeeing Nature has been ſo provident as to incloſe and ſecure them within a good hard ſkull. If Flag and Lancet were to lay a wager, which ſhould ſooneſt jump out of his ſenſes, Lancet fears he would loſe the bet; for if Lancet miſtakes not, few men or beaſts are better provided with a more compact and denſer faculty-box than his good friend Flag.

In a letter, it was alſo mentioned by Flag, that if Lancet had a mind to join his ſhip, ☞ meaning the M—lb—gh, he might have a paſſage for himſelf and things to Sp—head, in a ſhip under orders for Portſ——th.

In the firſt place, in anſwer to this—other circumſtances agreeing—the Captain, as Lancet before obſerved, would not have choſe the ſhip to be without a ſurgeon, ☞ there being many men on board and no ſurgeon's mates.

Secondly, if Lancet had accepted of this very gracious offer, the M—lb—gh being ſailed to join the fleet, he would have taken a paſſage to her from Spith—d, in the Ardent, and would have been now a priſoner in France; as is, in fact, a gentleman, who was ſent out in the Ardent to relieve Flag's ſurgeon from the M—lb——gh

b—gh—☞ Lancet's warrant for that ſhip having been cancelled, on account of his bad ſtate of health—So that upon the whole, here was an interpoſition of Providence in Lancet's favour; for which he thanks God!

At length, Flag's ſurgeon came on board—and Lancet left him in poſſeſſion of the cock-pit: and, much good may it do him!

While ſurgeon of the Conq——dor, I publiſhed a Syſtem of practical Navigation; ſo ſimple, that even a girl may comprehend it—Sold by *T. Evans, Pater-Noſter Row*, price 3s.

May it pleaſe your moſt gracious M——y!

Your M——y's humble and faithful ſubject, deprived of his bread by an ungenerous ſtretch of local power, is now two miles in the country for the recovery of his health, with but a ſcanty purſe, and no pay nor fortune in the world.

It has appeared wiſe, may it pleaſe your M——y, to legiſlature, that the ſurgeons in your M——y's royal navy ſhould have no half pay till they ſhall have ſerved *in actual ſervice* five years; and, then, if one does not come within the number 100, no benefit is received.

It would not become me, may it pleaſe your M——y, in this place, to comment upon ſuch a rule; becauſe, as it may have been inſtituted by learned, virtuous and juſt men, any commentary I might make upon it, would be conſtrued into diſreſpect, contempt and inſolence.

Neither, may it pleaſe your M——y, would it be prudent in me to advance obſervations upon the comparative value of one ſhilling in the year 1700, and its real worth at this time—any farther, perhaps, than to alledge that one ſhilling then, was equal to two at this preſent period of refined manners and general luxury.

Thus, may it pleaſe your M——y, if any ſurgeon, from whatſoever cauſe, *irreprehenſible in himſelf*, ſhall be unemployed before he has ſerved the preſcribed number of years, there is no manner of proviſion made for him—and, he may ſtarve.

Your M——y's faithful ſervant, moreover, in addition to his diſtreſs, has a poor and aged mother, to engage his warmeſt attention; to whom, when in ſervice, he devoted 20 l. per annum, as a ſmall token of his duty, his gratitude, his filial affection!

Your

Your M——y's loyal and true ſubject, has alſo a fatherleſs child, the ſon of one of your M——y's deceaſed naval commanders, under his protection. He had engaged, Sire, to ſee to his morals and ſcholaſtic education. His father commanded one of your M——y's ſhips, of which your M——y's ſervant was ſurgeon. The good man was ſeized with a palſy: and as your M——y's humble ſubject ſat by his death bed-ſide ☞ the affectionate wife, the tender mother of three lovely children weeping around—he died—poor.

Billy, as I ſat upon a chair, ſtood leaning on my breaſt—he lookt up in my face, and with all the melting eloquence of nature, ſaid,—" papa " is dead"! By all that's ſacred, ſaid I to myſelf, in riſing from the ſeat, he ſhall never be dead to thee, while Rymer can ſerve to gain a penny!

What heart but bleeds, when infant innocence
With meaning hand reach'd out, and ſtreaming eye
That might raiſe pity in a ruffian's breaſt,
In unavailing accents liſp their wants?

May it pleaſe your Majeſty, I took the poor boy with me to the Conq—dor, and ſent him to ſchool at Rocheſter: and now he has no friend, but that Providence which ſhelters innocence and virtue in diſtreſs.

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FINIS.